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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Great Preacher Makes an Eloquent Plea for the Horse.

And, Incidentally, Tells of Race Track Evils—The Wicked Ways of Book-makers—The Horse in War and Peace.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in his sermon prepared for publication this week, discusses "The Dispositions of the Race Course," basing his words on the text: "The horse which is given the horse strength, hasteneth his neck with thunder; his paw is with the valley, and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed man. He saith among the multitude, he has and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting.—Job xxxiii, 16, 17, 18.

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and millions of dollars are being expended in witness to the competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgement of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermon precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, alluring, exciting and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is scull human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in his text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostrils, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every king's procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out: "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says: "The horse's hoof shall be coupled." "Blat," Miriam claps her cymbals and sings: "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of Heaven the description in the text, so much as the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The duke of Wellington would not allow any irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home: "Has my old chaise become sick or spoiled?" There are hardly any passages of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marechal. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that he orders "St. Roman's Well" he orders the girl, slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son, Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seems to sympathize. All honor to Prof. Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and believed for the king of beasts.

men who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautiful. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken the best care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and I walk myself the first hour. It is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd, in his matchless "Ambrosial Nights," speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls; but I can not very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who eat and bruise and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our plows, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors when these men are beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would only be fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whipped and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and overdriven into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feels him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rovels him to see him prance, or so shoves him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessary clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural length of his insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and doing nothing, and that a few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-balded, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the hands of God need to get out of its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick steams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equine relief. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horse was defeated, to the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilton, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this war we have seen Charles Martel, at the battle of Poitiers, beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with a loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate accusations. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is in offering a prize for the swiftest runner in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes of all kinds, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called a prize: "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prize of the swiftest and best and beautiful and strong will never be fully developed. If it cost \$1,000 or \$5,000, or \$10,000, and the result is achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or \$5,000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You

can not afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your pocket. It will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling—that is a man of it blazes his children. Generally both and all.

What a spectacle which at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheephead Bay, the horses start, and in a few minutes are worth four or five hundred thousand dollars, change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet for if a man lose in a bet at a horse race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally leprous; by "auction pools," by "French mutuels," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool seller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent, and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every book-keeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and written over every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is, "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet, judges of courts bet. Members of the legislature bet. Members of congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday, and every day they bet, they gain, they lose, and this summer, while the parasols swing and the hands clap and the buzzers deafen, there will be a multitude of people enjayed, and deceived, and cheated, who will at the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition. Cultivate the horse, by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others; but be careful not to harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of mortality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are interested in the dissipation of the American race course. They say that an honest race course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad; but I tell you that every race track, surrounded by betting men and betting women, is a crooked track. It is a straight track—mean straight-down! Christ asked in one of His Gospels: "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is better than all the steeds that with lathered flanks ever stroud the ring at a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man, in order to go a head, come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of all the cities; it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it, and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I preach this sermon on square, old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse; I have said nothing against the turf; I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straight-forward industries and you will have better live hood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get in with some of the whisky, running around with your eyes down on the boulevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, five million to nothing, you will be debauched and damned. Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him; but be careful which way you direct him. The 112 mold-ways tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horse heads. In my boyhood we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago hitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon horse, never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot: that a man may admire a horse and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not intend to use it as a horse, and not intend to be in the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, a humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses to heaven: "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

The chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in Philadelphia and Boston, have undertaken the establishment of boarding homes for young men who are able to earn only very small salaries. They will be conducted on an absolutely unsectarian basis, and it is hoped will accomplish very much for that class.

The great mind knows the power of gentleness.—Robert Browning.

OTHERWISE UNNOTICED.

A burglar was killed at New Market, Mo., by Dr. Hale. Lord Salisbury is said to be suffering from Bright's disease.

Dr. N. S. Richardson, of Macon, Mo., an old settler, is dead. Ex-Circuit Judge Robert W. McCarty, of Metropolis, Ill., is dead. The Spanish gunboat Caridad, sunk at Cardenas, Cuba, has been raised. There are 10,000 cases on the docket of the United States court of claims. President Cleveland is said to be suffering from another attack of the gout. A fire that started at Mungler, O., destroyed much property in the oil district.

Dr. Robert Brown, the eminent English scientist, geographer and author, died Sunday. Armenians attacked unarmed Turks in the mosque at Bitlis. Many on both sides were killed. The conference on English Behring sea seizure claims will begin at Washington Wednesday. Col. John S. Mosby, the noted Confederate leader, is critically ill at his home in Marshall, Va.

The Second Methodist Episcopal church edifice at Mount Vernon, Ill., was dedicated Sunday. Fourteen members of the Turkish sultan's household, who threatened his life, have been executed. The report that China has granted extraordinary privileges to Russia is denied by the London Graphic. Secretary Olney's reform methods have given the state department barnacles a violent shaking up. Charlie Braun, a 3-year-old boy, was accidentally shot through the head at St. Louis by his 7-year-old brother.

A mob that tried to lynch E. B. Martin at Tiffin, O., was repelled by the jail guards. Two rioters were killed. Frank Ware was convicted at Fort Worth, Tex., of the murder of Martin J. Black. His sentence is life imprisonment. Free Cuba day at the Atlanta exposition, upon the suggestion of President Cleveland, has been postponed until December 17. Statistics show that electric roads in New England are making serious inroads upon the passenger earnings of the steam railways.

George Myrick, the negro who shot two young white men, near Bolton, Miss., is hiding out in the swamps, and is a competitor of him in the morning. Mr. Devey was a prominent member of secret orders. Marble House, famous as the summer home of Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, is to be the American Blenheim castle, according to gossip at Newport. The state and treasury departments are planning how to stop undervaluation of goods to be exported from other countries to the United States. Flavinus J. Briggs died at Bloomington, Ill., Sunday, at the age of 84 years. He was a native of Barnard, Vt., and lived at Bloomington half a century. H. N. Pillsbury will leave New York for St. Petersburg on November 30. He will be a competitor of him in international quadrangular chess tournament, to be played at St. Petersburg in December.

ANOTHER SPANISH GUNBOAT Probably Among the Totally Lost—Insurers Gaining Strength. New York, Oct. 28.—A Herald dispatch from Havana says: The Spanish gunboat Antonio Lopez has been captured on Diana key since last Monday. It is feared that she is a total loss. The schooner Anglita and various other coast traders are also ashore in the same vicinity. The insurgents are steadily gaining strength in the provinces of Matanzas, Havana and Santa Clara. During the last few days the rebels have captured the towns of Hatoventura, Guanatus and various villages of minor importance.

THE MOLDER'S STRIKE At the General Electric Co.'s Works at Lynn, Mass., Still Unsettled. LYNN, Mass., Oct. 28.—The strike continues at the Lynn works of the General Electric Co. Of the 112 molders that quit work two weeks ago only twenty remain here to picket duty. The General Electric Co. still maintains night and day forces of police at the river works, but as yet there has been no collision with the strikers. The strikers say that in case the company moves any work from the Lynn foundries to Schenectady, the men in the foundries at that place will at once strike and, if necessary, a strike will be ordered in other departments.

A KENTUCKY SHERIFF On the Trail of a Fugitive Murderer in Canada. PETERSBORO, Ont., Oct. 28.—Lincoln Denton, deputy sheriff of Somerset, Ky., arrived here Saturday night in search of a man named Anderson who, while chief of police in Somerset, in 1892, killed a man named Kueker and then fled. On Tuesday last Denton received a telegram stating that Anderson had been arrested here and was in Coburg jail. Denton came here, and no further person is found to be in custody. The sheriff is investigating, and further developments are expected within a few days.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE At Perth, West Australia—Prisoners Help the Fire Brigade. LONDON, Oct. 28.—A dispatch from Perth, West Australia, says that an extensive fire took place there Sunday morning when several railway sheds and warehouses for the storage of freight were burned. The prisoners in the jail next door assisted the fire brigade in putting out the fire. The loss was \$200,000.

ALL IS UNCERTAINTY

In Relation to the Proposed Corbett Fitzsimmons Fight.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Oct. 28.—Telegrams sent abroad from the local and visiting sports to their friends vary somewhat. A telegram from Saturday night reads: "Come on and take chances on fight or fizzle." Today they are worded: "On a tip from Hot Springs from the inside sufficient notice of time and place of fight will be given to enable people as far distant as New York to be present." There is not so much sure and confident talk of the men getting together in public before the end of the week as there was a few days ago, but the belief is still general that it will be well nigh impossible for them to be in the same town many hours without getting at each other somewhere and in some fashion, unless a mill is arranged for in quick order after the Cornishman's arrival. There is considerable apprehension that Fitzsimmons will be arrested before reaching this county on the charge of unlawfully detaining a woman for unlawful purposes, and the mysterious attitude of the governor's outposts here, who say that his excellency knows just what to do, and when and how to do it, does not tend toward allaying this feeling.

A SERIOUS LOSS. The Public Hall and Rotunda of the University of Virginia burned. CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Oct. 28.—The University of Virginia suffered a great loss by fire Sunday. The local fire department was unable to cope with the flames, and assistance was obtained from Staunton and Lynchburg, which, however, arrived too late to save the public hall and the rotunda. The fire started in the former building, and a large quantity of dynamite was used on the portion between the rotunda and the public hall, but, beyond displacing the large pillars, nothing was accomplished. Attention was then given to the buildings known as "Old Chapel" and "Reading Room." These were watched and the fire was confined to the hall and rotunda. The library, containing about \$15,000 worth of books, statues, paintings, etc., was in the rotunda. An effort to save these resulted in the rescue of Jefferson's statue and three-fourths of the books. Everything else was burned. At 2 o'clock the fire was under control. The lecture-room was destroyed, and everything in the room, including a geological library of great value, a painting, entitled "The School of Athens," a copy of the celebrated production by Raphael, was consumed. The total loss is estimated at not less than \$300,000, with an insurance of \$25,000 on the buildings and contents. The origin of the fire is not known.

THE SULTAN'S PERIL. In Daily Danger of Assassination by His Own Officers. LONDON, Oct. 28.—Mr. Frederick K. Basch, member of parliament for southeast Essex, who has just returned here from Constantinople, reports the situation there as being extremely grave. The sultan, he says, sees nobody at all. He has become completely unmaned from fears of assassination, and keeps himself in strict seclusion. Mr. Basch believes that the sultan may yet be assassinated by army officers, who are filled with discontent, and are making suggestions which the sultan can not answer. They want to know, among other things, why it is that Mussulmans are taxed and driven while Christians are not. Mr. Basch says that the reports of atrocities received from Armenian sources are greatly exaggerated. He himself, he said, had not heard of a single instance of a woman being outraged.

NOT POWER'S MURDERER. It was John Ambrose Smalley's Double, Who is Still at Large. DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 28.—A special to the Journal from Grand Rapids, Mich., says: John Ambrose Smalley, who was shot by officers while resisting arrest, was not the murderer of Detective George W. Powers of this city. Smalley took no active part in the Fennville train robbery, and was at Brighton on the night of the robbery. The murderer of Powers and leader of the gang at Fennville is a man who is known to the officers, but they refer to him as Smalley's double. He is still at large in the west, and it is expected his arrest will soon follow. Evidence secured by the officers working on the case proves beyond peradventure these statements.

HOTEL GUESTS POISONED Supposedly from Eating Asparagus in Oyster Soup. WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 28.—A special from Huntington, W. Va., to the News says that twenty guests at the Adelphi hotel, a leading hostelry in that town, were taken suddenly sick Sunday night, being poisoned from eating asparagus in oyster soup. Homer Smith, proprietor of the Phoenix hotel at Point Pleasant, is speechless and can not recover. Wm. Baker, a New York traveling man; J. W. P. Bowers, a Wheeling drummer; Harry Ramsy and wife of Huntington; R. W. Sterling, proprietor of the hotel, and his daughter Mary are also dangerously ill. Many others are sick but not seriously. John W. Brown's Habeas Corpus Case. WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—The habeas corpus case of John W. Brown was advanced by the supreme court of the United States for argument on the first Monday of March next. Brown is auditor of a railroad company in Pittsburgh, and declined to answer before the federal grand jury for the western district of Pennsylvania certain questions relating to alleged relations on freight shipments made in violation of the inter-state commerce law.

Trial of Marquis De Nave in Progress. BOURNOS, Oct. 28.—The trial of the Marquis De Nave, upon the charge of murdering the illegitimate son of his wife, has begun here in the Chamber des Assises. This case is a sensational one, and is attracting widespread attention.

The Government May Fall. PARIS, Oct. 28.—The Gaulois thinks it possible that the government may fall on a vote in the chamber of deputies on the interpretation of M. Rouanet in regard to the Southern railway scandals.

See Lots of Icebergs. QUEBEC, Oct. 28.—The British ship Moresby, Capt. Coomer, from San Francisco, June 5, for this port, has arrived. She reports having passed large icebergs in the early part of her voyage, especially in August, accompanied by very heavy weather.

All Quiet in Venezuela. NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Passengers on steamer Caracas, from Lagunera, Porto Cabello and Curacao, report all quiet in Venezuela. Business was good and there was no excitement whatever. It was felt that the boundary question would be settled without trouble.

Terrible Prairie Fire in Oklahoma. PERRY, Okla., Oct. 28.—A destructive prairie fire raged for five hours Sunday east of here. Many thousands of bushels of corn and tons of hay were destroyed. A number of farm-houses are reported to have been burned. It is believed that two Indian children were fatally burned.

A Stranger Killed. DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 28.—A stranger on his way to the fair grounds Sunday night to hear Sousa's band concert, leaned over from a crowded electric car on which he was riding, and was struck by a car coming from an opposite direction. His skull was fractured, and he died almost instantly.

Failed. NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Adler & Cahn, wholesale dealers in cloths and woollens, have failed; liabilities, \$10,000.

Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, Gauge, Change, Rainfall. Rows include Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, Louisville, and Cairo.

Table with 2 columns: Grain and Provisions, MONDAY, Oct. 28. Rows include Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Live Stock Market. Rows include Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Cotton. Rows include various grades of cotton and their prices.

Quotations for milling range as follows: St. Louis, 8 1/2; New York, 8 1/2; New Orleans, 8 1/2; Memphis, 8 1/2; Charleston, 8 1/2.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Money on call at 2 per cent; prime, 4 1/2; 4 1/2; 4 1/2. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 47 1/2 @ 47 1/2 for sixty days, and 48 1/2 @ 48 1/2 for demand. Post office rates, 48 1/2; commercial bills, 48 1/2 @ 48 1/2. Exchanges, 82 1/2 @ 83; balances, 82 1/2 @ 83. Bar silver, 67 1/2. Mexican dollars, 54. Government bonds, state bonds dull. Railroad bonds lower. Still lower prices were recorded after 11 o'clock, and considerable four stock came out on the way down. Sugar fell to 10 1/2, Manhattan to 10 1/2, Missouri Pacific to 10 1/2, Kansas & Texas to 10 1/2, Tobacco to 10 1/2, Chicago to 10 1/2, Burlington to 10 1/2, Northwest to 10 1/2, and Western Union to 10 1/2. Near midday the selling stopped and a rally of 1/4 per cent ensued. At the hour named specialists were steady.